By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come here.

Baud. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a puritane of the devill, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'l diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lowne, if the peeviſh baggedge would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the bet
ſtand upon ſound legs, how n
you, that a man may deale with

Baud. We have one here ſir
But there never came her like i

Lyſ. If ſhee'd doe the deede

Baud. Your honour knowes

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call for

Boult. For fleſh and bloud
a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe in

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt

Lyſ. That dignifies the ren
gives a good report to a numbe

Enter M

Baud. Here comes that whic
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure y
Is ſhe not a faire creaturt?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve a
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Baud. I beſeech your honour
And Ile have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would have you

Mar. I deſire to finde him ſ

Baud. Next, hee's the Gover
whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governe the Cou
deed, but how honourable he is

Baud. Pray you without any
uſe him kindly? he will line yo

Mar. What he will do graci

Lyſ. Have you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not
paines to worke her to your ma
Honour and her together.

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